THE EMERALD.

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.
No. 20.

—

Affectasse ferunt regnum cœleste gigantes:
Aliaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montes. OVID, MET. I.

I HAVE already given the world a description of avarice, idleness and envy; how much they have contributed to make men better I am incapable to say, but I have this satisfaction that my intentions were good however unsuccessful might be my performances. The Spectators which were so admirably calculated to reform the little vices of the age, have gained more credit for their politeness than their morality, in proportion as men had much rather be good writers than good livers, and read a fine discourse, rather than practise the rules of it. If the times notwithstanding those excellent essays are bad, without them they would be much worse. I shall not therefore be discouraged from following my great example, but shall take a great deal of pains though I do but a very little good. I shall throw my poor mite into the treasury of virtue, which though it vastly fall short of the vast store of that fine author, yet it is offered with as sincere a heart.

Pride is the general spot of human nature; the idol of the bad, and tempter of the good. It is universally prevalent, and disdains to be confined to a few breasts, but invades the whole province of mankind: the rich shew it by the haughtiness of their air, the poor in their murmurs and discontent: those of the middle sort in their affectation to ascend an higher rank. The female sex in the gay ornaments and attire of their bodies, the male in their lofty pursuits. The monarch in invading the dominions of others, not content with his own. The soldier in his thirst after blood. The statesman in his affectation to gain the ear of his prince, and have all things governed according to his counsel. The nobility in boasting of their birth, their splendid retinue and magnificent buildings. In short, each person has some darling qualification, for which he places himself supreme in his own opinion. Every one is satisfied with the share of sense nature has given him, and thinks he is a perfect original for some thing or other. Each profession contends for the pre-eminence. The metaphysician starts in his own sentiments before the divine; the divine tramples kings and kingdoms under the feet of his fancy; the poet flies above all mankind, and when seated upon some eminence in his imagination, he then looks down with a smiling disdain upon his inferior fellow creatures: while the prose writer esteems the poet as a better

sort of mad-man, and regards him with as much superiority as a lordly monarch a bird perching upon a tree over his head. The trading part of a nation affirm that they are the greatest glory of it, because they bring plenty and wealth into their country. The chymist searching after the philosopher's stone is much greater than if he possessed a crown set with carbuncles. The husbandman when he thinks his the most ancient calling, is almost too high to live upon the earth, while the tailor is for ever quoting the garments of fig-leaves made for Adam and Eve, as reflecting a dignity upon his trade. One who is better dressed than his neighbour is therefore of the humble opinion that he has more merit. Those who are the greatest libertines pride themselves as the only free-thinkers and actors, placing all their debaucheries and villanies down to the score of their worth. Some affect singularity, and value themselves upon being like nobody else: a hat placed on the head in the form of a dish turned upside down, a plainness of garb without the convenience of pockets and ornament of buttons, a very elegant *thee* and *thou*, and a sordid ill-mannered behaviour, with a sour and distracted look, recommend a sort of men to the world in their own opinion; and lift them up into an extravagant conceit of their mighty sanctity and purity. Others aim at singularity in their opinions, and when they can turn atheist and deist are as big in their thoughts as they please. Not to say how many Arians self-conceit has hatched, as being forsooth wiser than the bible.

Men also discover their vanity when about the same performances, in indeavouring to excel one another: not satisfied with being equal they strive to be superior, and ascribe the greatest glory to their dear selves, and would have every one else do the same. The last writer upon a subject would have you believe he certainly is the best. And those who build systems of philosophy always erect them upon the ruins of such as have flourished before them. It is enough to give a man the last disgust to see how a great many pedantic upstart moderns, have censured their great predecessor Aristotle, and dwindled him into a little genius, because he was not of their sentiments; much more insufferable is the pride of those moderns who fancy they excel the ancients in every respect, and run parallels between them so greatly to the disadvantage of the former.

In short, it would be endless to reckon up the various ways in which pride discovers itself. Not an action or word which proceeds from it, but has something of the taint of this universal plague. The most difficult thing remains, to discourage men against it, and to say what will be effectual to root it out of the minds of my readers. And there are several considerations which have a tendency to this end which were they duly weighed by us, we should be as modest as we are now proud.

Pride is contrary to eternal truth and justice. We weigh ourselves in false and deceitful balances which our opinion not judgment holds, and thence think our worth is heavier than really it is. Because we are most intimate and acquainted with our own minds, and find such noble and exalted sentiments working there, we conceit we are some of the most elevated of mankind; whereas could we dive into others thoughts with as much

cility as our own, we should see their souls rich cabinets sparkling all over with jewels, or like fountains overflowing with a generosity which extends itself to every nation and being; their high devotion mounting up in perpetual flames, a heavenly serenity shining for ever clear, and reducing every thought into a perfect contentment, a living, the most regular, and yet the most extended; or if we were able to throw aside the veil of their private lives, how many thousand great and good men should we discover which seemed wholly buried in the mass of mankind: a thousand geniuses would start up to us new, and dazzle us with an unusual light, and then surely we should exchange our pride for shame, and feel those just scourges which are the effects of such a vice.

Nothing can be more unreasonable than this affected haughtiness and grandeur of mind. As we are men we are conscious we received our beings and capacities with every enjoyment of life from the Supreme Being, as we are sinners that we deserve they should become miserable. If we ascribe the glory of these gifts to ourselves, we are ungrateful, if we are proud of our sins we are monsters.

Do we fancy we are greater or better than others, because we think we are both? or that mankind like spaniels will fawn upon us while we disdain them? The glitter of our attire is but a painted and artificial varnish which will fade with our garments; our estates are not our virtues, but too often our crimes. Our esteem is often as unjustly got as vainly admired; an airy shadow that flies our embraces when we seek it, but follows us when unsought. And we frequently lose the substance of true merit while we solicitously hunt after applause, which is but a vanishing shade.—Are we proud of our relations? Their virtues are not ours, but may serve to place our vices in the most odious point of discovery. Does our beauty flush up disdain into our faces? Did we deck ourselves with our features, or were not all their lines of comeliness drawn by an Almighty pencil? If we are lifted up with learning, we should be humble when we consider how little we know in comparison of what we are ignorant of; and that almost all the notions we have in our understandings, we have received from books. Suppose our knowledge is great, it is limited, and many excel us in every power of our minds, who themselves are excelled by angels, which are infinitely excelled by God. Do we value ourselves upon our meritorious actions? We may with blushing think how many have thrown us at a distance in the race of glory. If we are placed in some eminent post of honour, we either arose to this height by unjust artifices, and then cannot but secretly reflect upon ourselves as villains; or if by any merit, we have done no more than became us. As Satan is the father of pride, so if we would not bear his image we must avoid his sin. Pride is the parent of shame, the harbinger of destruction, and the very fuel of hell. It stript the angels of their purity, and plunged them into that perdition they can no more escape than bear. And to say what is most of all horrible, it will torture in those regions of misery, where dwells that apostate fiend who chose to reign supreme in torment, rather than to reign second in happiness and heaven. X.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TRAVELS OF ABDULRIZAK, FROM PERSIA TO INDIA.

(Concluded from page 535.)

AS Abdulrizak's dress was very inconvenient, and himself much incommoded by the excessive heat, the king, willing to relieve his distress, presented him a Chinese fan, which he had held in his own hand: then two handfuls of betel were served to him in a dish; and a parcel containing five hundred fenems and camphor, in grains, to the amount of twenty miscals. After this he was permitted to retire.

The allowance from the king, for the daily consumption of Abdulrizak's house-hold, consisted of two sheep, four pair of fowls, five *maunds** of rice, a *maund* of oil, as much of sugar and two *dirhems* of gold. The king sent for him twice every week, and took pleasure in inquiring about the actions of Shah Rokh; each time he presented the ambassador with a quantity of fenems, a handful of betel, and some camphor. On one occasion he said to him, "Your kings make feasts for foreign envoys, but as such a custom is contrary to our laws, we offer these presents instead of a feast, which we could not partake of with them." The betel is a leaf resembling that of the orange tree, but a little longer. It is much used throughout all India, in some parts of Arabia, and in the kingdom of Hormuz. They use it in the following manner: having in the mouth a little pepper, previously bruised, they take a bit of lime, about the size of a grain of Indian millet; this they moisten with a leaf of betel, and having formed a kind of a pill, they take it into their mouth, having sometimes as many as four leaves, which they chew all at once adding camphor, and from time to time discharging red saliva. Betel inflames the countenance, and intoxicates like wine; it satisfies those who are hungry, and gives fresh appetite to those already satisfied; it makes the mouth look red, is good for the teeth; invigorates and disposes to amorous enjoyments. The king keeps in his palace a great number of women; according to some reports, seven hundred. The children which they produce, remain in the palace only till the age of ten years. Each woman has apartments to herself, and every other accommodation. It is an established custom throughout the empire, that the parents should present to the sovereign their daughters, if beautiful, and if the damsels consent. None but the king can have access to them, from the moment they enter his palace; and their being thus admitted into the number of his wives, is considered as a very great honour.

The idolatrous inhabitants of Hindoostan display their power and magnificence in a grand annual ceremony, or festival, called *Mahanad*.* The governors and chief officers of the empire, even those who reside at a distance of three or four months journey from the capital, are ordered to attend at court on this occasion. A thousand elephants are selected, of the greatest size and strength; these are decorated with rich trappings, and carry on their backs towers open at top, containing musicians and dancers,

* The *maund* is different in Persia and in India: the *bazar-maund* or *market-maund*, is about seven pounds and a half French.

* Rather *Maha nandi*, "Great Joy," *Nandi*, in Sanscrit, signifies joy, and the goddess who presides over it. This festival is probably the *Drougah poujah*, described by Mr. Holwell.

or tumblers. The trunks of those elephants, their ears, and the different parts of their bodies, are painted with vermilion, or other colours, forming the most strange and fantastick figures. When the generals, the governors, the other principal officers, and the most learned Bramins were assembled, the festival commenced, and continued three days during the month of *redjeb*,† in the midst of a plain where they had erected scaffolds of three, four, and five stories high, adorned with painted sculptures from top to bottom; these represented men and beasts, birds, insects, and flies, executed with considerable neatness. The scaffolds were so contrived, as to turn round and present a different front from time to time; even the decorations of the windows were changed, and various kinds of trees appeared in them. Occupying the whole length of the place was a great building of nine stories, supported by forty pillars, and ornamented and furnished like the other structures. In the fifth stage or story of this edifice, was the king's throne; the ambassador's place was in the seventh; those friends whom he had brought with him were requested to withdraw, as it was desired that he should be alone: the space between the scaffolds and the building with forty pillows, was filled with musicians, vocal and instrumental, and actors; amongst the singers were many beautiful girls, blooming as spring, and gaily attired; their very appearance inflamed the hearts of all. Some of them were concealed behind a curtain; this being drawn at both sides, they began to dance, and exhibited such attitudes as delighted and enchanted the spectators. The elephants were then made to perform several astonishing tricks: one of the largest mounted on a beam which seemed scarcely thick enough to admit one of his feet: yet on this he placed them all four, and then beat time with his trunk to the music. Sometimes a beam was placed across an immense stake, ten cubits from the ground, and one end of this beam was lowered; the elephant mounted on it, when immediately the other extremity was pulled down by weights, counterpoising the elephant, who was thus balanced, in presence of the king. Sometimes lifted high in the air, and at other times touching the ground, the creature still kept time by the movements of his body, and of his trunk *. The festival continued during the three following days, the performers were magnificently rewarded by the monarch, who bestowed on those most distinguished for their activity or skill, gold and rich dresses. At length, on the third day, when every one was about to retire, Abdulrizak was conducted before the throne, which he perceived to be of massy gold, and of prodigious size, and adorned with jewels of inestimable value. The workmanship was still more admirable. There is not any part of the world in which the artists use gold with so much ingenuity. Before the throne was a cushion of olive-colored satin, embroidered with three rows of pearls, besides a number scattered all over it. The king sat with his back leaning against the throne, and thus he was a spectator of the festival during the three days. After he had retired to his palace, he sent for

† Corresponding to September 1443.

* Those who may be inclined to doubt the veracity of our traveller on this subject, should consult Pliny's Natural History, lib. viii. Seneca, epistle 85. Suetonius, Vopiscus, and Dion; also Busbequius and others.

the ambassador at the hour of evening prayer; he was introduced into an apartment about ten cubits square; the ceiling and the walls of this cabinet were covered with plates of gold, fastened with nails of the same metal; these plates of gold were as thick as the blade of a sword; there were four raised seats, and the king sat on a golden throne of great value and beautiful workmanship, facing the door. He then conversed with Abdulrizak, on the subject of Shah Rokh's person, the great lords of his court, his troops, the number of his cavalry, and the state of his principal cities, such as Samarcand, Herat, and Shiraz. To prove his esteem for the Persian Monarch, he said that he would send him several elephants, valuable stuffs, and other presents, by an ambassador of great wisdom and discretion, whom he had chosen for the purpose.

A favorite, who acted as interpreter, said to Abdulrizak, that Persia could not exhibit so beautiful or magnificent an apartment; the ambassador immediately replied, that they could easily make one in Persia, as rich and as handsome, but that it was not according to the custom of his country. This answer pleased the king, who dismissed Abdulrizak with a present of fenem, betel, and fruits from his table.

There happened to be at this time, some natives of Hormuz, resident at Bisnagor; they became extremely jealous of the friendship and respect, which the king expressed for the ambassador, and the connexion which he was engaged in establishing between the two courts: they endeavored by all means to disconcert his projects, and even insinuated that Abdulrizak was not ambassador from Shah Rokh. This report reaching the ears of the Brahmins and ministers, caused him much uneasiness during the absence of King Dananyk, who was obliged to undertake an expedition against Kelborkah: but at his return, he made amends for the conduct of the Brahmins and ministers; he caused seven thousand fenems to be coined for Abdulrizak, at the mint, and then appointed an ambassador to Shah Rokh, two natives of Khorasan, established at Bisnagor, named Khojeh Masoud, and Khojeh Mohammed. These were charged with many valuable presents, and they were to be accompanied by Hhemayeddin, envoy from Fetah Khan, of the race of Firouz Shah of Delhi, who had brought a letter and some gifts.

At his audience of leave, the king said to Abdulrizak, "I have been assured that the Persian monarch did not send you to us as his ambassador, otherwise you should have been treated with greater distinction; but if you come again with such an appointment from Shah Rokh, it cannot be doubted you shall experience proofs of our munificence, suitable to our power and generosity." In the letter which he sent to Shah Rokh, he noticed the insinuations of the people of Hormuz, on the subject of Abdulrizak, and mentioned the presents of which he was the bearer.

The ambassador having made the necessary preparations for his journey, set out from Bisnagor on the 12th day of Shaban, (December 1443) in company with the other envoys, and travelled during eight days without halting. On the first of Ramazan (January 1444) he arrived on the coast of the sea of Ouran, at ths port of Kanor: there he formed an acquaintance with Emir Seid Ala Eddin

a native of Meshed in Khorasan, who was an hundred and twenty years old, and for a long time was in the highest esteem, both amongst true believers and infidels; his decisions were considered by them as sentences pronounced by courts of law. Khojeh Masoud, one of the ambassadors from the king of Bisnagor, died during their stay at this port; whence, having passed there the fast of Ramazan, and the Bairam, Abdulrizak proceeded to Bender Manor, where he laid in a stock of sea-provisions for twenty persons, during forty days. Whilst waiting for the vessel, he consulted the book of Omens, or Presages, composed by the Imam Sadik, from texts of the Koran. The passage on which Abdulrizak opened was the following verse—"Fear not for thou shalt escape from the tyrannical people;" he was at once surprised and pleased; and entertained strong hopes of escaping the dangers of a sea voyage, and arriving prosperously at the end of his journey. Accordingly, he embarked on the 25th of Zulkadeh (February 1444). After some days, a storm assailed the vessel, which was often on the point of sinking; but by throwing overboard several articles of merchandize, and other things, they escaped the tempest, and fair weather succeeding on the last day of the month Zulhadjeh, the crew discerned the mountains of Kalhat, where they arrived on the very day of the new moon of Moharrem, in the year of the Hejira 848 (of Christ 1444, April the twentieth.)

Extravagant Panegyric on Puget the Sculptor.

How admirable are those statues representing an Assumption; they are from the chisel of *Puget*, who in figuring a miracle, has performed one.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

A work has appeared in England, trantlated from the French of M. du Broca entitled "Interesting Anecdotes of the heroic Conduct of Women, during the Erench Revolution."

By those who delight to contemplate the dazzling sublimity of generous virtue, in glowing contrast with the blackest horrors of atrocious vice; to view the softer sex, inspired by the calamity of the times, working on the strongest affections of nature, with a courage and energy not their own, this chronicle of memorable deeds will be studied with enthusiasm. Again will it call forth, for the consolation of weeping humanity, the often verified assertion, that periods of distress and commotion are alike the parents of towering heroism and gigantic crime.

"In one of the western departments, a man, of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

"At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

"The disguise succeeded to her wish, Le Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day.

'Unhappy wretch,' cried one of the enraged committee, 'what have you done?' 'My duty,' she replied; 'do thine.'

"A prisoner, whose name was Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment from the time of his arrest, desired permission to travel with him in the carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? Mademoiselle Delleglace, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

"The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded her from his sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be persuaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning, for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perseverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

"What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl, when she carried the tidings to her father? Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill in an inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue, during this unparalleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprize; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life at the expense of her own."

The works of the celebrated Italian poet Dante Alighieri, had not received an English dress until 1802, when the Rev. Henry Boyd, Chaplain to Lord Viscount Charleville, undertook the arduous task. Dante is considered the most obscure and most difficult of all the poets of Italy, and the best scholars cannot read him without a constant recurrence to explanatory notes; *since* his frequent mixture of popular mythology with school divinity, his references to local events and temporary transactions of his time cannot be very interesting to the native Italian much less to the foreign scholar. The following extract from the "Inferno," descriptive of several transformations, worthy of Ovid, are well rendered by Mr. Boyd.

We look'd; and lo! on oary feet sublime,
A burnish'd snake divides the dusky clime,
And o'er the prospect gleams a transcient light.
Around his prey we saw the serpent wind,
Instant his curling spires the captive bind;
At once depriv'd of motion and of strength:

The suppliant's face his cruel fangs arrest;
Huge scaly volumes his long limbs invest,
And thro' his bowels shoot their horrid length.
Thus round the elm the wanton ivy strays,
And o'er the boughs in long meanders plays,
Yet still distinct, their native hues remain;
Not so the Stygian pair; their colours blend;
Each seem'd to each its changing form to lend,
And each by turns to feel the stroke of pain.
O'er the fair parchment thus the colours fade,
Deep-tinged, and black'ning as the flames invade
Her virgin-white with mingling stain suffus'd.
"Ah! why this fatal change, Agnello say!"
(His fellow-fiends exclaim'd, with pale dismay)
"See how they blend, and form a mass confused!"
Instant as thought, their wreathing limbs entwine,
And each to each their mingling members join,
A tow'ring prodigy, without a name!
Unmatch'd by fancy in her airy cell!
Unmatch'd among the num'rous bands of hell!
And limbs unequal prop'd the monstrous frame.
The giant-spectre frown'd with hideous grace,
The *man* and *dragon* mingling in his face,
While waving pinions clad his arms anew;
Half-blended, half-distinct, he sped his flight;
Dreaded and shun'd by all the race of night,
Where'er his ill-consorted limbs he drew.

Nor long at gaze his sad associates stood:
For, lo! a burning asp athirst for blood,
The foremost strikes, and thro' his heaving sides,
Piercing he past, with long continuous wound;
Then disentangling, shot along the ground;
And o'er the plain in slow meanders glides.
The lizard thus infests the public way,
When raging Sirius fires the fervent day,
And, like a meteor, flits across the path:
The victim felt she agonizing blow;
Then turning saw, amaz'd, his little foe,
That seem'd to burn with unextinguish'd wrath.
From the small wound a vapour seem'd to flow;
Replete with rage, the little asp, below,
A corresponding cloud was seen to send.
Each with malignant look his foe beheld,
While fume to fumes oppos'd, their forms conceal'd,
And tortures new their changing limbs distend,
Sabellius now no more let Afric boast,
Nor Naso mourn his Arethusa lost,
Or sing Agenor's son in scales array'd;
Alternate forms, and double change I sing,
Portentous scenes! that claim a louder string;
Scenes never yet by fancy's eye survey'd!
Trembling and pale the human figure stood,
While palsies strange his sinking limbs subdu'd;
Convuls'd at length, his closing legs entwine,
While the small asp, erect, in burnish'd pride,
Astonish'd sees her scaly train divide,
Assume the man, and all the snake resign.
But o'er the bending wretch the serpent creeps,
His less'ning limbs the subtile venom steeps,
Contracts his joints, and bends his spinal strength!
Soon in his sides his short'ning arms are lost;
Groveling and prone, he falls along the coast,
And hurting scales invest his dreadful length.
Enlarg'd by just degrees, the Aspic swells,
His soft'ning skin the rigid scale expels,
And, branching into arms, his shoulders spread;
In naked majesty erect he stands,
His vile associate licks the sable sands,
A reptile prone, and bows the humble head.
The fiends alternate thus their shape disown,
(Their dark malignant look unchang'd alone)
The form erect assumes an ampler face,

August and broad his manly temples rise,
His little ears axpand, his trembling eyes
Enlarge, and nostrils fill the middle space.

The serpent, late a man, in deep despair,
Feels his sad visage drawn to sharp and spare,
His head prolong'd, his closing eyes retir'd;
His parting tongue denies its usual aid,
Dejected, dumb, he feels his pow'rs betray'd,
And hears his foe with sudden speech inspir'd.

At length the fumes disperse, the snake retreats,
While following fast his proud associate threats;
'Abbate! march!' he cry'd, 'and feel the doom,
The rigid doom, which many a year I bore,
Laborious winding round the sandy shore,
Till late I durst the human form assume.'

DE THOU,

The celebrated historian, had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep he felt a very strong weight upon his feet, which having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream, but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask what it was. "I am," said it, "the queen of heaven." Had such a figure appeared to any credulous ignorant man in the dead of the night and made such a speech, would he not have trembled with fear, and have frightened the whole neighbourhood with a marvellous description of it? But De Thou had too much understanding to be so imposed upon. Upon hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was some mad woman; got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; after which he returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shewn so much courage. The king also, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgement.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

A new grotto has been discovered in the neighbourhood of Naples. It is situated on the banks of Lake Agnaro, not far from Lake Averno, and consequently at no great distance from the Grotto del Cane, to which it is in many respects similar. This grotto, from the name of its discoverer, has been called Grotta Pully. After following many windings, M. Pully discovered at the extremity of the grotto a spring so hot that eggs were boiled hard in fifty-seven seconds. Reaumur's thermometer, which at the outside was two degrees above 0, rose to sixty-one degrees in the interior, on being kept in an elevated situation. On bringing it within a foot of the ground, it fell five degrees but on being stuck into the earth it rose to seventy-five degrees, and a barometer in the same situation fell some degrees.

We state with much satisfaction that the Gas Lights which have been so ridiculously puffed and vulgarly advertised in the public papers for several years past,

have been proved to answer the promised purpose. Part of the south side of Pall-Mall has for a few weeks been lighted with the Gas, and the effect is beyond all dispute infinitely superior to the old method of lighting our streets. One branch of the lamps illuminated with gas affords a greater intensity of light than twenty common lamps lighted with oil. The light itself is beautifully white and brilliant, and the lamp emits neither smoke nor smell. In a word, we can justly say, that every person who has viewed this first public application of the gas lights, has been delighted by the anticipation of seeing our streets and public buildings illuminated in this simple, cheap, and brilliant manner.

The Bronze Eagle at Augsburg which is considered as a master piece of art, though made two hundred years ago, has been removed from that city and carried to Munich, preparatory to its being sent to Paris. It weighs seventeen cwt.

According to a list published at Copenhagen, the number of marriages, deaths, and births, in that capital, during the last year, are as follow: marriages 888, births 1716, deaths 4307.

DOMESTIC.

James Humphreys, Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing Herdman on the Management of Infants, and Downman's Poem on the Management of Children. Also, for the Criminal Recorder, in one volume, and Comic Tales, in twelve numbers.

W. W. Woodward, Philadelphia, will shortly present the public for their patronage, proposals for printing, in 4 elegant octavo volumes, Scripture Characters, or, a Practical Improvement of the Histories in the Old and New Testaments, by Thomas Robinson, M. A. Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in England.—This edition is to be printed from the 6th edition just completed in London.

POETRY.

The subsequent lines by Geo. Dyer have by no means the smoothness of Thomson's metre; but in some degree compensate for harshness by weight. Ponderous bodies are generally rough. From the instances of Montgomery, Wakefield, and others, there is reason to wish states would adopt in their prosecutions for libels the policy of the principle;

"He is a freeman, whom the TRUTH *makes free,*
And all are slaves beside."

ON THE DEATH OF GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Meditated in a garden, near a church-yard at the close of autumn.

Ah! rural walk! Thy stillness now how sweet,
Thy stillness and thy gloom, as erst thy song,
Thy morning smile, and flower!—from sickness now
Come, to count the sum of human life,
Sum how small! to muse its many ills,
Its frailties, follies, numerous; and I come,
To muse on death;—for Wakefield is no more.
And is he then no more? The man so full
Of schemes, of learned resolves, so prompt and quick
To execute, with temperance who had form'd
So close alliance, that, methought, he seem'd,
Destin'd to live the cool grey chronicler
Of years now passing, and of years to pass
Some thirty years to come;—the gen'rous friend—
Is he no more? Farewell, then, world, awhile;—
And thou shalt be my cloister, rural shade.
——————————tho' I see
No blossom peeping on the smiling year;
Nor flow'r to greet me; nor the melting voice
Of nightingale, nor shining fruit t'allure
My taste; yet, closing autumn, shall thy leaf
Yellow and wrinkled, preach close to my heart.
Methinks it says, ah! what art thou, O man?
A falling withering leaf—and such thy friend.

He had his spring—his summer—scarcely
he saw
His autumn—for as yet he had not pass'd
His glowing time of life; unless, perchance,
Our life is autumn all; for in the midst
Of life we are in death, and while man
seems
Smiling in years, falls like yon falling leaf,
Oh! well do I remember, years ago,
That I did wander, tho' long train'd to
thought,
Still too, too thoughtless, near thy stream,
oh Cam!
There first I saw the friend that now I
mourn
For near thy stream, he, too, was wont to
crop
The flowers of learning—I remember
well—
Beneath his garb, the trappings of the
schools,
I saw a form erect and slender, like
T'one early form'd to manliness of thought
And rigid duties: o'er his visage pale
Fair science beam'd; and quick around
his eye
A critic archness play'd, that would have
seem'd
On sternness bent and querulousness, but
that
A gentleness was there, that still appear'd
To check some frowardness which while
it oft
Obtruded its dislikes, yet did not seem
From the pure fountain of his heart to
rise.
His gait was steady, firm; for much he
seem'd
As he but walk'd, to gather in his mind
Thoughts, that had stray'd, or to digest
with care
The feastings of his soul in bookish hours.
I knew him not; at least, I did not know
The friend;—I only knew of worth and
wit,
The zeal of industry, the love of fame,
Of virtue, science, and they call'd them,
Wakefield.
This was his spring of life, when hopes
were gay,
And wishes blooming, not of honours
high,
Or in the world, or in the churches mart,
But to secure the crown of well-earn'd
praise,
Of genius, and of learning:—and he did
Obtain the well-earn'd wreathe, which
well was worn
Thro' life, and with advancing years still
grew.
But, in the summer of his life I knew him,
And call'd him friend: for in our hearts
did dwell
Some kindred likings and some kindred
scorns:
The tyrant's state, the pontiff's pomp
and pride,
The hireling's meanness; the debasing
tricks
Of avarice; the sycophantic airs
Of dandlers after wealth: ah! subjects fit
Of generous scorn: together we did hail
The star of freedom, rising on a world
Of slavery-goaded men: we liv'd to see
France rise to something of the new-born
man,
Snapping her fetters off, enlarg'd and free
Oh! had he liv'd to hail this day of peace
It should have wak'd some ardent, generous
thoughts,
Some rapturous feelings, some exulting
notes,
And he had triumph'd in his prison
house.
His prison-house! He had no prison
house:
Worth, freedom, wisdom, still can walk
at large,
Tho' bolts, and bars, and walls of adamant,
May intervene: the sun's æthereal beam
The lightest breeze, the voice of wife, or
child,
And friend, and chiefest, conscience
light within,
Cheer the brave man retir'd; while mind
upsoars
Thro' worlds on worlds, beyond the reach
of fear.
But! have wander'd: let me then recount
The sum of life, and profit by th' amount
A little learning, and a little weakness;
A little pleasure, and enough of pain:
A little freedom, with its tale of slavery
Passion's and reason's struggle; when
tho' oft
Reason claims empire, passion governs
still;
Believing much, yet doubting not a little
Till sickness comes, and with it gloom of
thought;—
When man, quite wearied with a world
perhaps,
Not moving to his mind, a foolish world
Seeks inward stillness, and lies quiet down

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